BW FLAMM IN A HOP JOINT

ac Distinguished Indiana Editor Has a Chicago Experience.

HE ALSO CALLS ON THE MAYOR

These Dens, Says Flamm, Should Be Put as Far Away from China as Possible, and He Suggests the House Tops as About the Proper Places.

"Have you ever seen a hop joint?" asked Gus as he approached us to-day.

As a rule we always say "Yes" to such queetions as we do not wish to be understood as at all new; but Gus knows us and there is little use of trying our shillities on him. So we said "No," and he offered to show us one. It was altogether too early when he came in, so we consumed the afternoon and some corn heef and cabbage, which occupied the time tili after dark. We then started south on one of the busy streets, and had not gone far before a gentleman standing in front of his stere asked us if we didn't need a pair of trousers. We looked at him and he caught us by the arm and insisted that he had some bargains. We giared at him and he smiled We tried to frome him with a stare and he blushed delightedly.

He had three sons, who looked like him, and they all came up and told us how delighted they were to see us. So we remained, They pulled down a lot of clotnes and told us how much they cost, and a lot more that had been made for Stuphen A. Douglas and refused because they were too small. "Well, he ought to have taken them, even

y?" asked the proprietor, getting ready

"Oh, because he hssn't any other suit," said we, And the family smiled.

We then started to go out, but they stoped us, and declared they had made no sain, though they had lost lots of time waiting on

"Well," said we, with a pleasant attempt at wit, "give us the dothes and send the bill to Frank Collier." And while they were laughing we took Gus and escaped.

Quite a distance farther on Gus stopped at the head of a flight of stairs and wanted to go down. We objected, because the place was a Chinese laundry, and we wanted to see a hop joint. Gus mistook that for a joke also, and smiled so a cabman at the corner heard him. We went inside the faundry and Gus said

some words in French to a yellow gentleman in the office, who had no hair, excepting a few long strands at the back of his head.

He replied in the same language, apologizing as we thought, for the smell of the place, which was rather too strong for use. Gus opened the door of a little room and dis-closed a beautiful woman lying on a low ta-ble, with a Chinaman near her her trying to melt a lump of shoemaker's wax which he held on a knitting needle over the flame of a bargain-counter lann. After he had melted it until his ambarrassment at seeing us had worn away he rubbed it on the bowl of a large-stemmed pipe and handed it to the

lady.

She could scarcely stretch her pretty lips ever the mouth-pases, but she did the test she could, and after she had taken a whiff or two sighed deeply and regarded us with languid interest. We asked her how long she had been smoking and she said about fifteen minutes. We then observed quite a number of other customers in the house, but the accommodations in all cases were the same. One man asked us if we wanted to hit the pipe, and we declined, because we were afraid of breaking it.

We then want up on the street, and a large woman met us and asked us to step in a stairway till she told us the story of her life As we retired from the gaze of the world to that extent she put one foot behind us, grabbed our swan-like neck with one hand and our watch chain with the other, and playfully undertook to leave us. But we lev-ched a blow at her with our cane, and she dropped the watch, jarring the building, and addressing us as a son of a screwdriver, asked us if we would hit a woman. She then tried to trip us again, and we put her under our arm and started down street in

At the corner we met a policeman, and, as saured him she was a perfect lady, he ted us for distarbing her pence and took and, if he did, did he think we were leaking But the sergeant in charge recognized us, and asked us if there was anything he could

If You Don't Win WATCH R. HARRIS & CO.,

Seventh and D.

Tom and Bob.

(By Lupevic Halleyt.)

It was in April, 1899, in the sumptuou vestibule of one of the most fashionable dressmakers of Paris, that two little tigers, sested on an oaken setten, were busliy chatting. Both wors the same livery, severe in style and perfect in out, black cont, buff leather top boots and white chamois breeches. These two youngsters were old friends. They had learned to read in the same school, but the woung Fabouriens had tost sight of each the young Fabouriens that for sight of each other for the past three years, when on a cer-tain Tuesday evening in December, 1869, just before midnight, they had found themselves face to face in the peristyle of the Theater Francaise, in front of Rachel's statue.

"And I am Boh"

"Tom was the name of the groom before me at the duchess," and as madame was accustomed to that name, it was given to me." "You are with a duchess?"

And Tem pronounced the name of one of the oldest and greatest families in France. "Ah! but I know your duke—a tall blonde?" "Yea, that is him."

He comes to our house."

"He comes to our house."

"What is that you say? To your house?"
"Yes, to madame's. And he has not come only once, either. You know her also; you have seen her portraits in the shop win-

And Bob mentioned the name of one of the most beautiful and celebrated comic opera-

"Of course, I know her. Not only by her portraits, either. I have seen her play. And the duke goes to her house?"

"Tes, from time to time, but not often. I was wrong to apeak of it. You must forget it is also as the second from a second for the second from the second f

not be airaid, I will not repeat it. But "Donot be airam, I will not repeat it. Dut why are you called Bob at present?"

"When I entered madame's service she asked me my name, and I replied Prosper, but she decided that could not be, because that was madame's friend's name, at that

"Ten, and you can easily see that that right. She is stu-would have confused madame, can you not?" got into a temper.

do for us, and we thanked him, but there was nothing we wanted. So we hade them good night, and the ball man said very truly that he had been flammed out of his fee.

The policeman was even madder about it than the bail man, but we took his number and while on account of his excellent family we do not care to make his name public at present we shall not permit this consideration to silence us in the future.

The incident called our attention to the pred of certain reforms in Chicago and we

need of certain reforms in Chicago, and we asked Gus to take us to the mayor's office, where we could tell him what we thought

"Not at this time of night," said Gus,
"Won't he receive us?" asked we, with as

city. "He might, but— "Well, it is bad to appear at receptions be-fore 10 o'clock," said we, and that convinced Gus that we were determined.

CALLING ON THE MAYOR. The mayor was in his office, being closeted with some railroad attorneys who wanted to raise their tracks and some politicians who wanted to raise a campaign fund. There was an outside and an inside guard, a tyler and two private secretaries at the several doors, but they got out of our way in succession and we stood in the presence of the mayor, who is a young man with a mustache and

opportunity to marry.
"What can I do?" asked the mayor. We suggested that he put all the strong-arm women in uniform and make the people's party take out an amusement license. "Then what?" said he.

"Then what?" said he.

"Then put the hop joints on the top floors
of the tail buildings so as to remove them as
far from China as possible, and provide them
with pure air. They have everything else
they want. Then nail up the windows with a

rd," said we. What board?" said he. "County board," said we, "Anybody can see through that,"

"What shall I do with the stuffed payrolis?"
asked the mayor.

"What are they stuffed with?" said we.
"Dead heats," said he, savagely,
"Pickle them," was the ready reply. "If
you sour on a man he might as well be in the
Washington Home."

We then suggested that feed boxes be pro-rided for the horses that have to stand around the public squares all day, and assured him that nothing so cruel or inhuman would be permitted in True's Mills, as the appearance of hungry horses by the hundred in front of the principal business houses, with nothing to est but the costs and hats of the passers-

Why, we remember one time when the merchants of the mills took a fool notion to clean up, and tried to establish a yard in the rear of the plauting mill where all teams might be hitched, and the owners of the horses got so mad thus they quit coming there to trade, and so the business men were apelled to put a row of feed boxes all und the edges of the sidewalks, and whensever a man wanted to run for county office he had to stand there and shoo files of the influential farmers' horses, or they wouldn't

We told all that to the mayor and pointed out to him that herses without feed boxes and candidates to fan them were not strictly au

fait, as we say in the selectest circles of the Init, as we say in the selectest circles of the seciat at True's Mills.
Having then suggested that if he have Smoke Inspector Adams and Cigarette Inspector Rowan inspect each other, it would save a heap of popular annoyance. We bit off the end of one of the cigars, put the others in our pocket and lighted a match. It and we went out together. A man tried to carry us flown in the elevator, but Alderman Ryan was getting in and we were afraid it would

us down in the elevator, but Alderman Ryan was gentling in and we were afrait it would fall. So we walked down the stairway, singing "Two Little Girls in Bine" so noisily that the night watchman mistook us for a burglar. Arrived here at our room, which is on the fourth floor, we find there is no water at the hydrant. Next time we see the mayor we shall advise him to move the lake about 200 wiles away from Chicago at the time. miles away from Chicago, so that the city or have an abundant water supply. J. Byr Flamm, in the True's Mills, Ind., Trumpet.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

These are the new commandments ten Which wives now make for married men

2-Thou shall not stay out late at night When lodges, clubs, or friends invite

Thou shalt not smoke, indoors or out, Nor chew tobacco round about.

7-Thou shalt, in manner mild and meek

8—Thou shalt not be a drinking man But live on prohibition plan. 9—Thou shalt not firt, but must allow Thy wife such freedom, anyhow.

These, my commands, from day to day Implicitly thou shalt obey.

—Wechsler & McNulty's Weekly.

One Better. Bessle-We had a new cook come to our

Lottle-That's nothing. We had two. Toronto Mail,

The Farm House. Much comfort you will meet with there, And no complaints you'll utter-

And then it would not have been just the thing, the same name, for-

"Theu madame called me Bob, that was the name of a little brown poodle madame loved very much, who had recently died." "It is curious, is it not, that we should both

"And in such families." "With mistresses who do not move in the

ie society." But who are both 'chie.' "

Bob and Tom did not talk much more that evening. The curtain had just fallen on the fourth act of "Carmen." The two mistresses, who were both "chic." were slowly descending the grand staircase, muffled in rich furs. Bob and Tem separated suddenly. They ran to call—Tom the duchess' landau—Bob the

diva's coupe.

They met again often, and especially in the vestibule of the dressmaker who clothed the singer and the grande dame. And here is where we find them this warm April afternoon to see n 1890, upon which they held a conversation. which was particularly interesting and ani-

ted. "Well," commented Tom, "it seems that with your new piece."
"An, you bet! I was there the first night,

up in the gallery. Madame has a roundelay which she was obliged to repeat four times."

thing like the applause. But the rehears also are awfully funny! The director and the authors are there. They argue and order about, and Madame sends them flying. While they were rehearsing the piece they are playing now there was lots of quarreling last month, I can assure you. I was hidden in my little corner. They were just company. my little corner. They were just commenc-ng to set the third scene. Do you know

Well, madame was rehearing her part. On the stage were the director and the two authors, an old man and a young man. The old man suddenly said to madame: 'Go to the left.'"

Why?' asked madame.'

"Because I think it best."
"And I do not."
"But I do."
"And then they both began to quarrel. It was madame's own idea to remain on the right. She is stubborn, The little old man

ARE THE ONE TO DECIDE.

Are you satisfied to simply exist? or would you prefer to LIVE and get some pleasure out of living? Dame Fortune isn't staying up nights to rap on your r-get up and HUSTLE-make your family and your friends see that you are of some account in the world. Furnish your house COMPLETELY and COM-FORTABLY-you are earning money,

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our kind of credit is ACCOMMODA-and our credit prices are CASH in other stores. h or Haircloth Parlor Suite—choice

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urca.
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Woven Wire Springs, \$1.75.

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CREDIT HOUSE, \$19.521.821 7th Street Northwest.

WOMAN AND HER WAYS

Siamese ladies chew betel nuts and lime and eat the durian, a fruit said to smell worse than Limburger choese, though it is most de-

Why is it that, though women have the care of children and know them best, the stories children love most are written by men? Why is there no female Grimm or Hans Christian

Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" is generally conceded to be the finest piece of verse France produced during the middle ages. And it may be added that in the middle ages and all other times the best verse men have written at all has been written about women. Perhaps the finest thing a woman ever did for a worthless man was done by the Douglas maiden who thrust her arm into the staple and held the door until her arm broke that she might give James of Scotland time to escape from his murderers. But the finest

to escape from his murderers. But the finest things women do at all are apt to be done out of loyalty to worthless men. When they get control of a man who is worth something they generally impose on his good nature. In a recent address the Countess of Aber-deen, the wife of the Viceroy of Canada, pointed out that in Nova Scotia there is no line of charitable and relicious work in line of charitable and religious work in which women are not largely active. This applies throughout the dvillized world as well as in Nova Scotia. In all Profestant churches the influence of woman is paramount and they are hardly less active in the work of the Catholic Church. But for their work there would not be religion enough in the world to be worth resulting the second of the control of the contr

e worth mentioning.

All authorities agree that Mrs. Lincoln had a most unfortunate temper, due to disease. According to a story having the high authority of Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, she once scolded violently a man who had called at her house in Springfield to find Mr. Lincoln. The man find architecture. Lincoln. The man fied precipitately to es-cape the storm, but having escaped it found Lincoln in the center of a group of friends and wrathfully demanded satisfaction. "My friend," said Lincoln, extending his hand and speaking with a slow deliberation which characterized him, "wouldn't you stand for a few minutes what I have stood for so many

years?" Then they shook hands.

The Groom Forgot the License A novel contretemps postponed a marriage arranged to take place in St. Paul's Church, arrived, the elergyman was in waiting. But he marriage did not take place till the folowing day. The bridegroom-elect by a com-cal oversight had omitted to secure the ne-sessary civil license. A number of mes-engers searched the town for the city clerk, but before he was found it was too late to issue the civic permit for the nuptial cere-mony and the rector was forced to dismiss the congregation of witnesses. They made the best of it, however, repairing to the home of the bride's parents, where the weddingsupper was eaten and congratulations were said in advance. On Wednesday the postponed ceremony was performed,—Boston Saturday Gazette.

Dissatisfied.

"This used to be a very popular hotel. I wonder why it is so empty?" wonder why it is so empty?"

"The proprietor got up a baby show last year for the hotel bables. Of course, when the prize was awarded all left but one,"—Harper's Bazar.

"Enough," he said, 'I wish you to go to the left and you shall go to the left. I am the author and I am the muster here, You

"Mariame, who was getting more and more riled, asked: "You said"— " That you were unbearable, and that I

have bad enough of it."
"'And I too much. Have your piece acted
by whom you please."

"And while the old fellow was crying out "You have insulted me; I will not allow myself to be insulted," madame gathered up her skirts, made a half courtesy, and fied. I also fied. I met her in the hallway of the stage entrance. She was trotting along in great style, but she was not alone. After her trotted the director the promuter and the rotted the director, the prompter, and the oung author, who had said nothing all this me; he was evidently on madame's side; and hey were all three talking to madame's back

trying to retain her.
"'My dear! My child! Margot!" "She is called Marguerite, but at the theater, t home, her friends, everybody calls her

Well Mme, Margot kept on without replying. At last we reached the sidewalk, all five of us, out of breath. Madame jumped into her coups and said: To the Bois. Bob, come close the door and get on the box. Madame was white and her teeth were clinched. But I could not close the door; the director held it and would not let it go. He said to

"No, my little friend, do not close the No, my intue friend, do not close the door.' He hung on and said to madame: 'My child, be reasonable; you cannot desert us like this. What will become of us without you? Get down, come to rehearsal.' "The other two joined in, "Come, ma chere,

"There was quite a crowd around us by this a. The director begged so hard that dame finally said: 'I will go back, but under one condition.

That he will beg my pardon.

"Yes, come back; he will apologize, I prom-"He must come here to apologize. I will not leave the carriage until he has done so."

'Here in the street? 'Yes; here in the street.'

"But that is impossible."
"Well, good afternoon. Get upon the sest,
bb. To the Bois."
"I tried to climb up, but the prompter caught me by the arm and prevented me. Then see-ing that madame showed no signs of yielding, the director said:
"Well, we will go and get him. We will bring him to you."

mixing and allowing to stand before serving. The soda is added to the tomatoes to correct their acidity, but there is still enough left so that if cooked with milk it will curdle. Mix that if cooked with milk it win in the tureen and never repeat. "The Times'" Fashion Hints. BARGAINS FOR TO-MORROW.

[As advertised in THE TIMES.]

Julius Lansburg-Brass and Enameled Bedstends at nearly one-half price. Robinson, Chery & Co.-Hat department filled with rich, fine, and fashionable

Millard Price & Co.-Eggs always in stock; grocery and hotel trade a specialty. Co-operative Town Co.-Lots on favor-

The Warren Shoe House-Indies' 52 Russia Calf Oxfords, only 69 cents a pair. Washington Flyer Cycle Co.-Bioycles at

Garner & Co.-Children's School Suits from \$1.50 up. Crocker-Five, six, and seven-dollar shoes for \$2.90 a pair.

M. A. Tappan-All football regulsites, Johnston's-Gold-band cups and saucers

Willett & Ruoff-Dunlap Fifth-Avenue Columbia Park-Lots for \$30 each Craig & Harding-Fine furniture of all

kinds at prices to make it go.

To-morrow's Menu. DREAKFAST. Concord Granes Calfs Liver and Bacon. EUNCH.

Pried Eggs, with Tomato Sauce, Creamed Potatoes, DINNER.

Purce of White Beans Radishes Boiled Corn Beef.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Iced Tomatoes. Peach Sauce. Coffee. Cottage Pudding. Fruit.

Fried Eggs, With Tomato Sauce. Put half a gill of oil in a frying pan, and when the oil is bot, break one egg in a cup and slip it gently into the pan, which must be kept slightly inclined, so as to give the egg a round shape. With an iron spoon fold up the sides of the egg so as to wrap up the yolk with the white. When done, drain the egg on a napkin and fry another in the same manner, When enough eggs have been fried, dress them on toast and pour over some tomato

SWIMMING AND DEVELOPMENT.

The Change That the Exercise Will Accomplish in Physical Proportion.

The foremost swimming teacher of Paris has been interviewed on the benefits of swim-"In my opinion," says she, "were girls-all

girls—to learn swimming they would benefit

immensely by doing so. Except, of course, those who are positively unfitted physically to "Then what a thing is swimming for the figure," continued mademoiselle, with a giance at her own, showing indistinctly beneath the soft clinging folds of the peignoir. "It is marvelous. I have young bulles come to me as a last resource, I suppose with figures rather those of boys than women. I teach them to swim, perhaps show them a few calisthenic movements to use after the bath. What is the result? In a few months they have busts, they have hips, their con-tours are round, not meagre. Their limbs are firm and developed. In a word, I have made

nothing like it. Doctors send girls and women to me, but I very seldom have to send my pupils to them. I do not trouble these messiers much, I assure you."

Mock Bisque Soup. Put one pint of tomatoes over the fire with s bay leaf, a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley and a slice of onion. Let simmer for fifteen minutes, then press through a sieve and return to the kettle until wanted. Scald one the scalded milk, and stir until it thickens. When ready to serve add one tablespoonful of soda to the tomatoes. Mix in the soup tu-reen, season with two teaspoonfuls of sait, one half a teaspoonful of white pepper, and serve. The difficulty of making this soup without curding comes from the usual way of

"As they turned away she called after them

I will give you five minutes. It is now five minutes after 2. If, at ten minutes after 2 you are not here with him, I will go."
"We will be there! they cried, going off to fetch the old fellow. Madame threw herself iston the old lenow. Maname threw nerself back in the corner of the carriage, I remaining standing at the door. Oh, but madame was singry; she was sitting there in her carriage, in a great rage, I can tell you. The five minutes had almost passed when we saw the little old fellow coming through the hallway. He was walking between the director and the young man, pale and right. He ooked like a man being led to the stake, and as I saw him I was proud to think that nadame could make these authors walk such e chair line. They came up to the carriage foor and he made his excuses and apologized. nadame was about to descend, she had her foot on the step, when she stopped to say:
"'You understand, I will only get in on one

I will not go to the left; I will renain on the right."
"The poor old fellow almost bounded off his feet, but the director squeezed his arm, and then he said in a choking voice: and then he said in a choking voice:
"Yes, yes; that is understood. You will renain on the right as long as you wish."
"And he knew what he was about, for without Madame they never could have played 'Well, that's all very well, but I like my

"Your little sister was ill?" for me because I ride her horses well and manage her ponies, who are not always easy to manage. You might almost say I was born n a horse. You remember, papa was a reeder of horses at Gignancourt. I was only our or five years old when he put me on the icks of his great, rawboned horses and started me on a gallop around the courtyard, snapping his whip all the time; and I mustn't fall off, and I didn't fall off. We have a horse in the stable called Sultan; the duchess and I are the only ones that can manage him. One day the duke tried to mount him, but he threw him, duke and all that he is, and it did

not take him long, either."
"And your wages?"
"One hundred francs a month, unting New Year's gifts and tips from all the gentlemen who come to the chateau for the autumn hunts, which adds two or three 'I am going to see your mamma. hundred francs extra during the year. And it is fortunate for me that I found such a neighborhood where madame has never good blace as I can help manma a lirtle, been; and there is a staircase. It is not a fit We have had great trouble in our family.

A bewitching dress for a tiny brunette to be worn at a fashionable resort is in white or cream chiffon (embroidered in the pale green



leaves and tendrils of the wild sweetpen) over a slip of green siik, bows and streamers of the pule green velvet ribbons and black slik stock-

THE BACHELOR'S NOTE BOOK,

Miss Caxton is Junoesque. She is big. Jorley once called her cow-like, but I think that was after Jorley had been refused by her. She is placed in a lofty sort of wayplacid in the style that is indifferent to annoy ances. She never sees anything disagreeable.

Jorley calls it stupidity. Sometimes she doesn't see other things. I've known her to fall to appreciate some of my jokes. But women have no sense of humor at the best. They only giggle hysterically over babyish

things.

I was not particularly drawn to Miss Cax-ton, I confess. She doesn't magnetize or fas-cinate. But she would wear well. I took Miss Caxton to drive the other day. The horses were fine. Their coats shone in the light, they were eager and light-spirited, and I enjoyed the thought of managing them. Miss Caxton was big and perfectly dressed.

The drive began well.
"Do you enjoy driving?" I asked her. It is
well to know a little of the tastes of the wo-

well to know a little of the lastes of the wo-man one contemplates marrying.

"Very much," said she, placidly.

That was her response to almost all my questions. She enjoyed sailing and the opera and the Alps and clambakes and Longfellow eh." On the other hand, she 'very much." On the other nanu, suc units maskerel, and social science. Somebow her ack of a vocabulary analyed me. I tried to orse her to say something else—to reveal her-

"Do you have all those vague, sorrowful feelings most of us common mortals feel when we are by the sea?" I asked, inanely enough,

I like the sea very much," said Miss Cax-I ground my teeth and gave the reins a jerk which made the borses suddenly rear. In three seconds more we were in danger. The flery steeds were prancing madly off, rearing

and plunging horribly,

"Keep perfectly still," I said, and for a wonder the girl obeyed.

The road was fairly direct and broad. If I could but get control of the beasts before we dashed into something or met a vehicle at the country of the property of the beasts before we dashed into something or met a vehicle at the ART OF LYING. some cross-road we might save ourselves. I cent every nerve to the task, but it was usele The off horse was foaming violently at the mouth. Suddenly he turned slightly and made for the place where the builders of a summer cottage had left a small mountain of bricks and stone. There were pots of mortar and quick lye among the debris. In an instant I saw us mangled, scalded, I dropped the reins, I seized her—heaven only knows hew I had the strength!—and almost flung her as I would a parcel over the side of the tearing, swaying carriage. Then I jumped. In an-other moment the horses and carriage and the

mass.

She was badly bruised, but that was all. I sprained my arm. As we jogged home behind a farmer's horse I begged her to forgive as the truth. Don't tell improbable lies. To me for having jeopardized her life, "Oh, certainly," she answered, "But do

Jorley was right .- New York World.

One of the novelties of the market is rosetinted celery. This is now grown in a beauti-

vulgar backs with railings around the top to keep loggage from falling off. I tell you, when I am on the box seat of the duchess' ago I was standing in the Rue de la Paix before one of the large stores waiting for madame to come out, when who should pass by but papa and his old hack. To make things worse he had an old lady with a borrid looking little dog inside. Papa stopped his sion; he got down from his sent and he asked me to lend him 10 francs. I refused him, and I begged of him not to pretend to anow me when I was on duty; that he was so badly dressed and too unkind to mamma; indeed, I old him all I had in my heart against him,

Then he flew into a passion,
"He replied that I owed him respect, that he was my father. The old lady, during this time, had opened the hack and was cry-ing out that she would miss her train. The little dog was barking, the passers-by stopped to listen and laugh, and in the midst of it all the duchess came out of the store. Papa fled, but madame looked very cross. When we reached the hotel she scoided me for talking in the streets with a hack driver. It was the menced to ery like a silly. When she saw now badly I felt she questioned me, and I told her all, especially the fact that my little sister was very ill.

"Is she well now?"
"Oh, she is entirely cured now, but then
she was very ill. My mamma could not work
because she had to take care of her. Madame ould see that I was telling the truth, and she said: 'Do not cry any more.' Then she asked me heaps of questions about my mother and little sister; but that was not all,

mother and little sister; but that was not all.
The next day she came down at 4 o'clock. I
was out. I was standing at the carriage
steps awaiting her orders before getting into
the carriage. She asked me:
"'Where does your mother live?"
"'Mamma?' I cried in astenishment.'
"'Yes, where does she live."
"'? Rue de Peubla.'

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\$10; worth \$15.
50 Special Gak Ladies Writing Desks, with drawer and bevel French Mirror, \$4.35 worth \$3.

worth \$8.

Very Handsome 5-place Overstuffed Parlor Suitea, cowered in All-silk Bracatelle and heavy fringe, spring edge, for \$15.50; worth \$15.

Very Fine 3-place Divan Suite, handsome oberry frames, covered in All-silk Bracatelle, \$19.50; worth \$50.

White Brass Heds, heavy 5 ft. \$5.75; 5 ft. 6 lm., \$6; 5 ft., \$6; 25; 5 ft. 6 lm., \$6.50.

Very Heavy Solid Birch Suite, 1 places, with Skallo plate glass, hered, large dresser and washsand, with splasher, \$50.50; worth \$55.

Solid Oak Hand-rollshed Extension Fillar Tables, heavy carved disw feet, the best value ever shown in \$ ft. for \$67.50 wirth \$10.50.

Solid Oak \$5.5nch Top Extension Tables, highly polished, 6 ft. \$6; worth \$7.50.

Yery Fine Library Suite, 5 pieces, hand-carved, oak frame, tan leather, spring edge, \$6.50; worth \$11.50.

567 Mr. worth \$115 Solid Oak Frame Morris Reclining Chairs, covered in Speckled Corduror, Blue. Green, and Terra Cotta, \$10.50; worth \$15 Large Students' Chairs, oak frame, covered in Satin Russe, in 2 colors and fringe, \$7 Mr.

Worth \$1.50
Heavy Solid Oak Table, with 20x20 top, and shelf, worth \$1.50; 98c.
Spices Solid Oak Suite, 21x30 beveled plate glass, combination wash-stand and spinsher
rail, \$17.50; worth \$3.
Spices Yery Highly Polished Suite, antique finish, large bevel plate mirror, for \$15.50; me Solid Quarter-sawed Oak Sideboard, 65-inch top, hevel plate glass, 812 50

some Quarter-sawed Oak Sidehoard, 28-inch top, large French plate glass, swell front. \$19.50; worth \$32.30.

3 Very Finely Made Sideboards of all selected quarter-sawed oak, hand polished, large oval bevel French plate glass. \$27.50; worth \$25.50.

Another lot of those handsome Corner Chairs in Brocatelle, Plush, and Tspestry, for

 worth 80
 Solid Oak Rockers in Flush, Tapestry, and Brocatelles for \$1.00; worth \$1.00
 fold Screens, mounted in Japanese Crope and Silkoline for \$1.00; sold everywhere for \$2.75.
Cutton Berby Damask Curtains, never shown before, at \$5.75 pair. Imitations of the Satin Derby that sell for \$50.
10 pieces new colorings and patterns in Silkolfine at 10c. yard.
11 pair Irish Point Laces. Regular price, \$6. Special, \$5.25.
6 pair. Regular price, \$8. Special, \$1.
10 pieces M-inch Satine Empire Pattern, sold for Mc.; now 10c. yard.

CRAIG & HARDING

Furniture, Draperies, and Bedding,

13th and F Streets N. W.

A Woman Declares That It Is Necessary in

Society. "Everybody should know how to lie well." said a woman. "One cannot live in the world with any degree of peace and comfort without lying a good deal, and one ought to be able to do it well. Every one knows that a good liar must have a good memory. Other things, too, are necessary. A small vocaturather redictions allowed the strength of the property of the strength of the strengt lary for one; the fewer words the better. The with the tiny make-believe world in which elaborate light is the soonest caught. When they live. tell an improbable lie is merely plucky; it isn't art. Always be whole-souled about your lies.
Don't be niggardly and spoil a good lie by
patebing it up with half trath. An artistic liar
will employ the truth as a sort of background, but he won't mix it in a weak-minded way calculated to destroy all effect."—Philadel-

Little Japanese Beauties. The dancing girls at the Fifth Avenue The-ater, where the "Mikado" is being sung by the Duff Opera Company, are nothing like as sweet-smelling girls one sees in a tour of Japan. At the teahouses, theaters, and ba-mars in the large cities and suburbs the

"My heart beat furiously as we drove along. We got there at last. Madame said: Go first: I will follow I went up and she came after. There are 120 steps. We finally came to mamma's rooms, and madame remained there half an hour talking to my little sister. Then as she was going she put 100 franc bills into mamma's hand. Mamma did not want to take them at first. She said that I was a good son, that I gave her all my money since was good to mamma, and she tapped me on the shoulder, saying: That is good, Iom; very, very good. I fell so queer that I com-menced to cry, and I cried and laughed at the same time. There are moments when laugh-ing and weeping go together without one understanding why.

understanding why.
"Yes, that is true. There is a great, tail,
thin fellow at the theater, and he makes me
laugh so much that I often cry." Well, since the day she gave mamma 200 francs and inpped me on the shoulder I would do anything for the duchess, and it makes me saft to see her unhappy."
"She is in trouble, then?"

What for.'

When we are at Vendee in the strong point. When we are at Vendee in the natumn we all three go out every morning. He always takes the quietest horse. He would not mount the horses I ride. But this is madame's hebby. The whole country belongs to us, and madame's delight is to gallop straight across the fields and to ride over everything which comes in our path, fences, hedges, and ditches. Here in Paris he hardly ever rides. He sleeps until midday, because he has got into the bad habit of not coming home until 5 or 6 clock in the morncoming home until 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning. He plays baccarat every night. He loses immense sums. More than 60,000 francs, it seems, one night last week at the Epa-"At the 'Epstant?' Madame's Spanfard

goes there every evening and he appears to be in luck just now. Perhaps he has won the Well, your master is rich; he can saind

"But he is not. He used a great deal of his money before his marriage. He has not much left. It is madame's money that is go-ing."

gasehas, who sing and dance, are about fifteen years of age, with markelously black chignons, stuck with shell pins, skin like am-her, eyelrous shaped into crescents, brilliant red lips, and a carefully drawn little circle of rouge in the middle of each circle. They are painted an impossible pink and white, with a line of little kiss curls at the nane of the neek

Color in Corsets. black ones crock and soil the dress lining; fast black are very expensive. Black wilk is fine, but being non-clustic, splits under, pres-sure, Cost is the chief objection to black chase unless a black cover is worn over it. This material, which is the very best in trade, for some unknown reason will not take a fast black. The threads, being spiral, may have something to do with the case. Black sateens are often fast, but not always, and the woolen staffs now used are open to simi-

Embarrassing. "What a beautiful bouquet? Is it intended for me or my sister?"
Orderly—The lieutenant told me to hand it to the prettier of the two.—Filegende Blaster,

"Ob, this is becoming droll," money and goes and loses it at the 'Epatant' to our Spaniard, who gives it to Mmo, Margot, But that doesn't better matters at

your place."
"Ne, indeed; not at all."
"Do they quarrel?" "Oh, no, there are no scenes. The duke is too much of a gentleman for that. But they do not get along together. Madame always goes out alone in the daytime. She goes to the Bois, but not to the Avenue d'Acacina; no, indeed, she waiks alone in out-of-the-way places where she hever meets any oor. She goos to see her mother very often, and she always comes out with red eyes. For

she always comes out with red eyes. For some time past madame has stopped the carriage before some church, and she always comes out, as she does from her mothers, with swellen cress and sad face."

"Perhaps your duchess goes to churches for the same reason as Mme, Margot—becames she has a heavy heart on account of a lover."

"A lover! Madame is Duchessel Now, that is something you must not say. No, she has no lover. I would be willing to put my hand in the fire on it."

"You must hever be too willing to swear about such things." about such things."
"I would be willing to take my outh on it."

"I would be willing to take my outh on it."

"Yes, but it seems that women of the world. (I heard Mme. Margot say this, and she knows life) have as many lovers as actresses."

"Not Mailane in Duchesse, and she could have them if she wanted them. Is the duke no longer rides, mailane's father, notwithstanding his rheumatism, is ooliged to accompany us. Ah! as you have not seen her on horseback, you have seen nothing. I would serve her without wages just for the pleasure of riding behind her. All this time the duke is sleeping, because he has been up. pleasure of riding behind her. All this time the duke is sleeping, because he has been up to all kinds of nousestes and tricks. He does not appreciate being the husband of the most beautiful woman in Paris.

"Oh! the most beautiful?"

"Madame Margot is as handsome as she Oh, nonsense. No one is handsome. But And in fact it was the duchess, respectfully

escorted by one of the partners of this great house. She passed before the two grooms, who had risen on her approach, but Tom, before following his patroness, whispered to Bob:
"All the same, if he goes to your house in-

stead of remaining at ours, the duke is 'serin,' "-Translated by Belle M. Sherman.

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